

Gamble's Hill and the Home of Major Robert Gamble, Called Grey Castle

BY ALICE M. TYLER

BEFORE Gamble's Hill had its graded drives, its planted rows of trees, its turfed slopes and its general air of ordeliness, it was merely a rough and precipitous slope overlooking the Tredegar Iron Works. The bed of the river, the forms of the workers who manipulated the molten fluid made a weird picture that might have grown upon the canvas of an impressionist or been inspired by lines from Dante's Inferno.

Nature held the balance then. Now the surroundings are more commonplace, more comfortable, but far less picturesque. Gamble's Hill looks down upon the islets in James River. On one of these, in June of 1867, Captain Newport, John Smith, and a company of brave adventurers set up a flag and took possession of the country around the Falls of the James, in the name of King James of England. In that moment the knell of the red man's power was sounded and the supremacy of the white man announced. Powhatan and his braves, leaders of the savages of the invaders, met the battle of Bloody Run attested the supreme courage with which they took their last stand in behalf of the homes and the hunting grounds from which they were being driven away.

Powhatan's seat was supposed to have been some miles away from Gamble's Hill, but the fact that somewhere in this vicinity was the point near the falls, that marked the limit of Newport's voyage of discovery, has always invested the eminence with a romantic association.

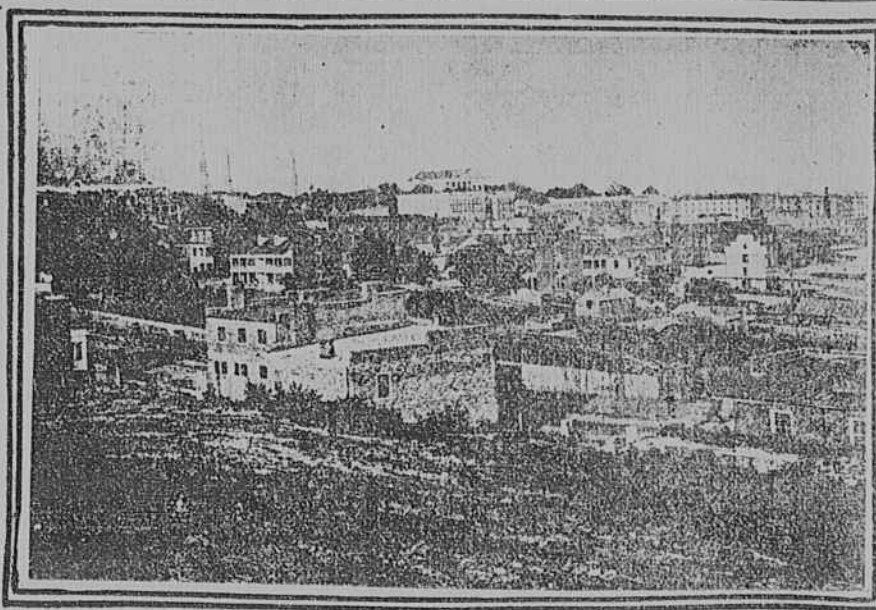
Until the building of the State Penitentiary at a point which the Hill overlooks, trees covered the site now occupied by that institution, a thickly wooded area growing almost to the edge of the river. It is believed that Belvidere, called by the traveler, Burnside, who visited it in 1783, the romantic and beautiful seat of Colonel William Byrd III, was situated near where the penitentiary now stands. But of Belvidere, not even a pictured trace remains, and its exact location can only be approximately deduced.

As late as the 1840s, however, there stood upon the summit of Gamble's Hill a big grey house, individualized by the character of its construction, yet having about it an air of decay, an appearance of past prosperity and present forsakenness. A young Richmond girl, who on Third Street, between Washington and the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway, train enter and emerge from the tunnel on its rushing way northward, looked thoughtfully after it and then said as she resumed her walk: "Who built that house, showing above us with the moonlight silencing its windows and lighting up the emptiness within? Time has dealt unkindly with what must have been a proud home of former days, for even though it has shared a fate too common not to be deplored, its frowns do not hide its fortune with the consciousness of bygone wars of a different kind behind it. The house has a history, I am sure of it."

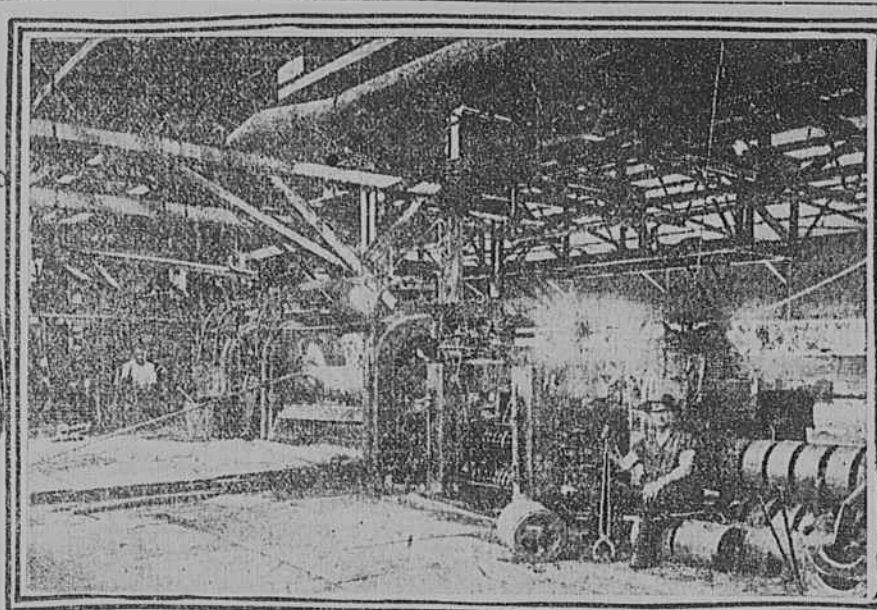
The next day the young girl, her sympathies strangely aroused, went to work to look into the past of the big grey house. It was not hard to find, in the years of its building, the population of Richmond was accounted to be 8,737. The town boasted a fair number of physicians and apothecaries, now spoken of as druggists. By way of public entertainment there were the Eagle Tavern, Bowler's Ordinary, the Washington Tavern, facing the Square, now the Richmond Hotel. The tastes of Virginia legislators in that day may be estimated from the fact that a five-gallon bowl of toddy was daily brewed in the Governor's house, for the benefit of the "legislative members, when their daily labors were over."

The Register of the Land Office at this time was Colonel John Harris, who owned the land now embraced in Hollywood Cemetery, where the Harvies family burying-ground reserved when the cemetery was laid out, still lies undisturbed. The Harvies tract, sold to others purchased by Thomas Rutherford from Alexander Buchanan and extended down James River from the cemetery limits. Colonel Harris was the original proprietor of the Grey House, but he did not live to see its completion. A fall from a horse caused his untimely death and caused also mourning in Richmond over a man who was a citizen of distinction, a patriot of the War of the American Revolution, a member of the Convention of 1775 and of the Old Congress.

The young girl, who had been told of "The Grey House" by her father, said she to herself under her breath, "I had a feeling that the foundations of the house were laid in tragedy. When she went further and saw that Major Robert Gamble, who became the purchaser of Grey House,



Richmond just after the war, showing Spotswood Hotel, looking east from Gamble's Hill and the Grey House. Photo by H. P. Cook.



Interior of Tredegar, showing rolls where were made the iron pieces covering the Monitor in Hampton Roads. The Tredegar Iron Works could be plainly looked down upon from the porch of the Grey House. Photo by H. P. Cook.

when the Harvies sold it, had his life cut short by being thrown from a horse, the impression was deepened and the look of the house under the moonlight came back to her with an eerie feeling that she could not dispel.

In the meantime there was a great deal for her to learn about Major Gamble, about his birth in Augusta county, his education at the Augusta Academy, now designated as Washington and Lee University, about his beginning his career as a merchant and his soldiering in the battles of Princeton, Monmouth and Stony Point, where his command went first into the fort, but failed to get due credit for bravery because, being occupied in rescuing the American prisoners, the enemy's flag was left flying. Baron Rober of the French army, noted the omission, hailed down the flag and delivering it at headquarters, claimed recognition therefor. And Major Gamble was too generous to dispute with the Frenchman and embarrassed General Washington. After Stony Point, however, Major Gamble suffered from chronic deafness, because of service rendered at personal cost.

Major Gamble's wife was Katherine Grattan, the daughter of an Irish emigrant to the Valley of Virginia, John Grattan, who had the enviable distinction of building the first flour mill in that picturesque region. Mrs. Gamble was brought up on the frontier during her girlhood and was as brave as she was beautiful, living up to the most heroic standards of the pioneers among Virginia women, those who stood ready to do the part in the founding of the nation and the making of a State.

It was a far cry surely from the outposts of the Valley to the ease and elegance and abundance into which the Grey House developed under her administration. This Mistress Katherine Grattan Gamble would have none of it sulking and frowning at its silliness. The windows were thrown open, the doors hospitably wide. The same pioneer spirit which had impelled Mrs. Gamble in earlier days to maintain her own, whatever difficulties lay in her way, came to her aid in the making of a home so full of brightness and gaiety that all the cultivated people around the Grey House that Mr. and Mrs. Wirt continued to live there for some years after their wedding. No sulking then surely, and no gloomy shadow of young feet up and down the stairs, the gathering around the long and hospitable board, the subtle play of wit between the finest minds of a most highly cultured community.

The second daughter of Major and Mrs. Gamble was given in marriage to Governor William H. Cabell, whose administration extended from 1860 to 1868 and who afterwards became Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. Shortly after Governor Cabell's election as Chief State Executive, his wife wrote to a friend in New York to execute some commissions for her and as it concerned with matters of interest to women of all periods and ages, some of the paragraphs are quoted here. They say:

"I will thank you to purchase for me the handsomest straw bonnet you can meet with, after the spring fashions come in. As the ladies know more about these things, your choice may be assisted by some of the belles of your acquaintance."

"You will be so good as to inform me if an elegant set of desert china can be procured in New York. I wish it to be richly gilt, and adorned with some color and figure."

"I think you saw my tea china. There is now in town for sale a desert set that is figured just like it, a little green, with gold edges. It is handsome but not so good as the Dr. Brockebrouck's. Has received this fall a very splendid set, the edges bordered an inch deep with purple and gold, the centre ornamented in like manner, ground perfectly white. I should prefer mine to be differently figured, but have no objection to its being equally elegant."

"You know I have a set of dinner china, therefore am only in want of a dessert set. If you find you can meet with such as you think I should be pleased with, I will thank you to give me a description of the figure, number of pieces and cost of a complete set. You will find that the dishes of desert china are not formed like those of dinner china; they are various—some square, some oval-like boats and grape leaves."

"I will raise thank you to look out for two of the handsomest damask table linens the city can produce. They must be each large enough to cover a table sixteen feet long, four feet nine inches wide, and to hang over each end and each side at least a foot."

"Your correspondents here will give you the town news. We have had a number of belles from different parts of the country this winter, who while here, have made no little racket. Miss Ward is the only one of them likely to get a husband by the trip. She is married the first of next month to Peyton Randolph. Miss Edmond Randolph is also, it is rumored, to marry Tom Preston. The Misses Foushee have been very quiet all winter. I have not heard of their making



GOVERNOR WILLIAM H. CABELL. Photo by H. P. Cook.

MRS. CABELL. Photo by H. P. Cook.

General of the United States. Major Gamble and his good wife put the young lovers on probation, but they were undeniably devoted, the one to the other, and so after awhile opposition melted away and Elizabeth Gamble's judgment was justified in the happiness and success which waited upon her husband. It speaks volumes for the harmony of household relations at the Grey House that Mr. and Mrs. Wirt continued to live there for some years after their wedding. No sulking then surely, and no gloomy shadow of young feet up and down the stairs, the gathering around the long and hospitable board, the subtle play of wit between the finest minds of a most highly cultured community.

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any new conquests. And as for the rest of our town belles, I believe they are likely to remain unmolested the remainder of the season."

The Misses Foushee referred to by Mrs. Cabell were Miss Isabelle, who became the wife of the famous journalist, Thomas Ritchie. Their daughter, Isabelle Ritchie, became Mrs. Harrison, of Brandon, Virginia, and Miss Charlotte Foushee, who here on the palm of beauty, undoubted in that day, in all Virginia, and married William Carter, of Hanover county.

Major Gamble's death was brought about by a fall from his horse. But his widow continued to remain in the Grey House and her two sons-in-law and their families were members of the household. Mr. Wirt and Judge Cabell were the best of friends, their wives and mother-in-law the most accomplished and charming of women, their social and professional relations in Richmond the most agreeable in the world. The sons of the Gamble family settled in the South, but Mrs. Cabell and Mrs. Wirt were killed in the act of shopping, entertaining. A big dinner party given at the Grey House on the evening of December 28, 1871, probably saved many lives, for the guests, unharmed in pleasant intercourse until it was too late to go to the play, in one of the second-floor front rooms William Wirt wrote the letters of the

"British Spy" and became additionally famous. When Mrs. Gamble, an independent woman of strong opinions and straightforward expression of them to the last, was dead, Judge Cabell became the owner of "The Grey House" and Mrs. Cabell reigned in her mother's stead. Governor Cabell was a widower when he married Agnes Gamble. The children of his first wife were Nicholas, Louisa and Joseph. The offspring of the second marriage were Emma, Robert Gamble, Elizabeth, William Wirt, Edward Carrington, John Grattan and Henry Coalter.

Surely here was material enough to fill the Grey House with youth and joy. Mr. Wirt was trying the experiment of a Swiss colony on his Florida lands, but every summer his family came north. Mrs. Wirt to visit her sister and the Wirts sons, Henry, Babney and William, intelligent and musical, to join the circle of cousins and spend evenings that set all the rest of the town shuddering, so full of charm were they. Of the Wirts and the Gambles are linked with their marriages to influential men, Dr. Robinson, of Baltimore, Mr. Randall of Annapolis, Maryland, Mr. McCormick and Mr. Vass, of Florida.

Miss Emma Cabell became the wife of Paul Carrington and the mother of Major Isaac Carrington, for years one of the most brilliant lawyers of the Richmond bar. Miss Elizabeth Cabell, after a long career of bellehood at the White Sulphur Springs and in Richmond married Judge William Daniel, the father of United States Senator John W. Daniel. To the end of her long life Mrs. Daniel retained the beauty of mind and person which when she was young rendered her phenomenally attractive.

The mind goes back to The Grey House and lingers there on the drawing-room group at even time, on the red velvet furniture, the candles lighted in their silver holders, on Mrs. Cabell's becoming head dress, with its lace strings floating wide on her rich gown and the lace at her neck, on the silks and jewels worn by the daughters, on the Judge's fine broad cloth and snowy cambric stock, on the open piano with a guitar lying near, on the harp that stood in the window, on the fate of "The Grey House" seemed hard. One after another those who had grown from infancy to maidenhood and young manhood went away from it to seek other homes, follow other interests. In the meantime "The Grey House" and its surroundings had mightily changed. The rocky land of Third Street had grown into a street that was a popular thoroughfare. Year by year had seen the upspringing of new houses, the looting off of The Grey House grounds, the nearer and still nearer encroachment of dwellings that cut off the beautiful view, the picturesque approach that stood between the house and the river. Out into the world had gone the Cabell sons and daughters. Last of all and more reluctantly than all went the old people to whom home, deserted, forsaken and changed by circumstance, scarcely seemed like home.

Then the House was occupied by a Mr. Wallace, an antiquarian, a lover of curios and a man thoroughly versed in Richmond lore. After him came John P. McGuire and his boys' school. And, after him, silence and the end for The Grey House.

It was not sorry to go. It had had its heyday. It had witnessed the beginning and the ending of life, Bet-

ter its passing than longer decay and the careless scorn of strangers who knew it not.

Many of the descendants of Robert and Katherine Gamble are among the best people of Richmond to-day. James Alston Cabell, prominent member of the Richmond Bar Association, is a great grandson being a son of Colonel Sax, and Clarence Cabell, of the Confederate Army, and of his wife, the lovely Jane Alston, of South Carolina.

Mrs. William Ruffin Cox, president of the Virginia Society of Colonial Dames, and of the National body, a woman whom her stateswomen and her countrywomen have been pleased thus to honor is Colonel Cabell's daughter and one of the most highly esteemed women in Richmond. Other members of this branch of the Cabell family are Colonel Henry Coalter Cabell, United States Army, Dr. Julian Cabell, surgeon in the United States Army, and Clarence Cabell, who has for some years been living abroad.

Dr. Robert Gamble Cabell, son of Governor and Mrs. William H. Cabell, and grandson of Major and Mrs. Robert Gamble, spent his life in Richmond and was one of its most beloved physicians. Three of his sons and their families are still Richmond residents. Dr. Robert G. Cabell, J. Cabell, Cabell, and Henry Landon Cabell. Lovely Miss Lizzie Cabell, one of the greatest of Virginia beauties, belonged to this household. She married Judge Albert Ritchie, of Baltimore, Maryland, and still makes her home as his widow, in that city. Mrs. John Lottier, another daughter, is a popular member of Richmond society. The youngest member of the family, Constance Cabell, married Boykin Wright, a distinguished lawyer, and lives in Augusta, Georgia.

The widow of Isaac Carrington, considered one of the leading lights of the legal profession in his day, has a charming home with her daughters in the West End of Richmond. Miss Mary Cole Carrington, the elder, has been very successful in the field of literature, where she has made several adventures.

A representative of the Gambles in the generation of today, is James Branch Cabell, son of Dr. Cabell II, who is a writer of great ability. His old English and French stories have ranked him with novelists like Maurice Hewlett. His brother, Robert G. Cabell III, is a young business man of decided promise in Richmond. Third son, John Cabell, is carrying out a most creditable career in Savannah, Georgia. James Branch Cabell dedicated one of his recent books to his grandfather, Dr. Robert G. Cabell I.

Of the Nelson county branch of the Cabell family, among those who are citizens of Richmond are Patrick Henry Coalter Cabell, member of the Bar Society of the Cincinnati and of the Bar Association of the State and town, and his younger brother, Royal L. Cabell, a third brother, occupying a prominent government position in Washington, considers Richmond his real home. It is said of his sister, the mistress of the old Cabell home in Nelson county, that she largely educated her brothers, that she has one of the best trained and most cultivated minds among Virginia women. In that respect she resembles her kinswoman, Emma Wirt, who was the wife of Paul Carrington and the mother of Major Isaac Carrington. Much more might be written. Indeed, in comparison with what has been said, if the whole story were told, this small mention might seem altogether inadequate. But "The Cabells and Their Kin" has been published and those wishing ample information can find it in the voluminous pages of that work.

"The Grey House" and those who made its reputation have alike their passing. But that home still remains in the sons and daughters it has given to the Commonwealth, in the influence of what they have said and done to maintain Virginia traditions and principles, in the position they have held against disadvantage and lack of opportunity in their leadership in business and social life and on the field of battle.

It is a wonderful and noble lesson, that taught by a house which abode, through its dwellers, a radiating centre from which uprightness and honor and the love of God and mankind are diffused abroad.

"The Grey House" fulfilled its mission. It should have smiled, not mourned, when the moonbeams fell upon its ugliness and loneliness. Its glooming aspect must have been caused by the fact that it felt itself entirely out of sympathy with the mart modernity of the twentieth century.

For how few homes are left like The Grey House on the Hill—the house with its well-filled library shelves, its atmosphere of scholarship and refinement, its comradeship between young and old, its dinner parties, its dances, its family gatherings, its weddings.

The big apartment houses are taking the places of the square brick houses of a former century. Spacious rooms are no longer a consideration. They take up too much room. Receptions are now held in public halls and, often, rather than otherwise, friends are entertained in hotel cafes and restaurants.

The law of fashion and progress regulates society. But there are some

things which not even progress can obliterate. Among such things are the faiths taught by The Grey House where Robert Gamble and his wife were master and mistress.

BERRYVILLE

Berryville, Va., August 17.—Miss Fannie Tyler, of Richmond, is visiting Miss Florence Wheat at "Morgan Spring."

Mrs. J. P. Eastwood, of Washington, is visiting her mother and sister on Church Street.

Mrs. J. S. Poole and daughters, of Washington, motored to town this week and were guests of Mrs. C. H. Williams.

Misses Lois and Marion Cumins, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Frank Williams and Gerhard Shilling, of Lynchburg, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cumins at "Audley."

Bob Brett, of Washington, was at Miss H. Powers this week.

Mrs. Wm. Dabney and Miss Catherine Dabney, of Baltimore, Md., are guests of Miss W. B. Lee.

Mrs. E. A. Stevens and Hayward Stevens, of New York, are in town.

Miss Margaret Poole, of Shophers-town, Va., is the guest of Mr. Lloyd Harris this week.

Edward Williams, of New York, spent several days with his parents near town this week.

Miss Estelle Powers has returned home from Bowling Green, Ky. Miss Louise Powers has returned home from Bedford City.

Horace Smith and wife, of Washington, are guests at "Rose Hill."

Ed Moore and wife, of Kingston, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams.

Miss Virginia Chambers, of Richmond, who has been visiting friends in town, has returned to her home.

Miss Beattie Campbell left this week for Berryville, N. J.

SALEM

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Salem, Va., August 17.—On Tuesday Miss Eugene Griffin was hostess of one of the most delightful and unique parties given in Salem in many years.

Miss Griffin, who is now in town, took place this afternoon in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, where she gave a social given in the form of a social bridge party and a large crowd of people for the guests, as well as for the bridge players, who were present in large numbers.

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SHOPPING BY TELEPHONE



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"This is the first spring and summer I have enjoyed in years, thanks to Milam."—Miss Winnifred Posten, Roanoke, Va.

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